



No. 9

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# GREAT WESTERN

in this issue

**STRAIGHT ARROW**

**RED HAWK**

**DURANGO KID**

**RED MASK**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**New!  
1954 MODEL!**

**A New Shipment of  
Famous Rothlar  
Binoculars  
Has Arrived  
from Germany**

**SAVE!**

Buy **DIRECT**  
from **IMPORTER**

**COMPARE UP TO  
18 MILES!**

Here at last—the all NEW, improved Roth binoculars with the famous 3X, 40 Klaroptar lenses—now better than ever before! They're more refined, sharper, clearer, 3 ways better than the sensational 1953 model! When we announced the '53 model we were swamped with over 50,000 orders! We were sold out and forced to hold up thousands of orders. Unfortunately, we disappointed lots of nice folks! This time we're taking no chances! We're strictly limiting orders to ONE 1954 model per family and will sell NONE to dealers!

### Klaroptar Lenses Are Precision Made!

The secret of ROTHLAR'S great public acceptance is the precision made 3X, 40 lenses. Unlike other glasses, they are not moulded or stamped out on plastic presses. These new 1954 genuine Klaroptar lenses are ground out ONE BY ONE by proud German optical workers! This takes much more time and limits production. BUT WHAT A DIFFERENCE! This latest model gives you sharper, clearer, magic-like viewing. No annoying distortions! No chromatic fringe to cause eye-strain! ALL Klaroptar lenses are turned out under the supervision of WALTER ROTH in his small factory in Hartmannshof, Western Germany. He has the Old World family pride. Herr Roth simply won't let an inferior product bear his name. Naturally this means you get a really superior binocular if you are one of the lucky people to order this optical instrument!

### BIG SIZE! BIG POWER! BIG VALUE!

Don't confuse ROTH-KLAROPTAR BINOCULARS with cheap, crudely made Japanese binoculars selling from \$2 to \$4. This is NOT a toy! Quality made throughout. Smooth synchronized CENTER focusing construction is rugged—yet they're LIGHT—easy to carry in their weather-protected case! The lenses are made with the same care as in \$10 binoculars!! NOW—get a pair DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER at the unbelievable low price of \$3.00—while they last!

### ENJOY ONE AT OUR RISK!

We'll send you the ALL-NEW 1954 ROTH BINOCULARS on 5-DAY TRIAL. Enjoy without any obligation whatsoever! Use for nature study, boxing matches, races, basketball, football. Carry along a pair when motoring, sailing, flying, hunting and fishing, too! Use it for celestial observation, watching children and neighbors' television, movies, seashore scenes, etc. COMPARE AT ANY DISTANCE FROM 18 FEET TO 18 MILES! You must be delighted or your \$3 comes back—no questions asked! Please rush your order today. This shipment won't last long! First come, first served! Orders received too late will be returned promptly.

**THORESEN'S, Dept. 80 A 134  
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.**

**THORESEN'S, Dept. 80-A-134  
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.**

RUSH ONE 1954 ROTH-KLAROPTAR Binocular with case on 5-DAY TRIAL—money back guarantee.

- ☐ Enclosed \$3—send tax and postpaid.  
☐ Send COD plus all postal fees.

Name

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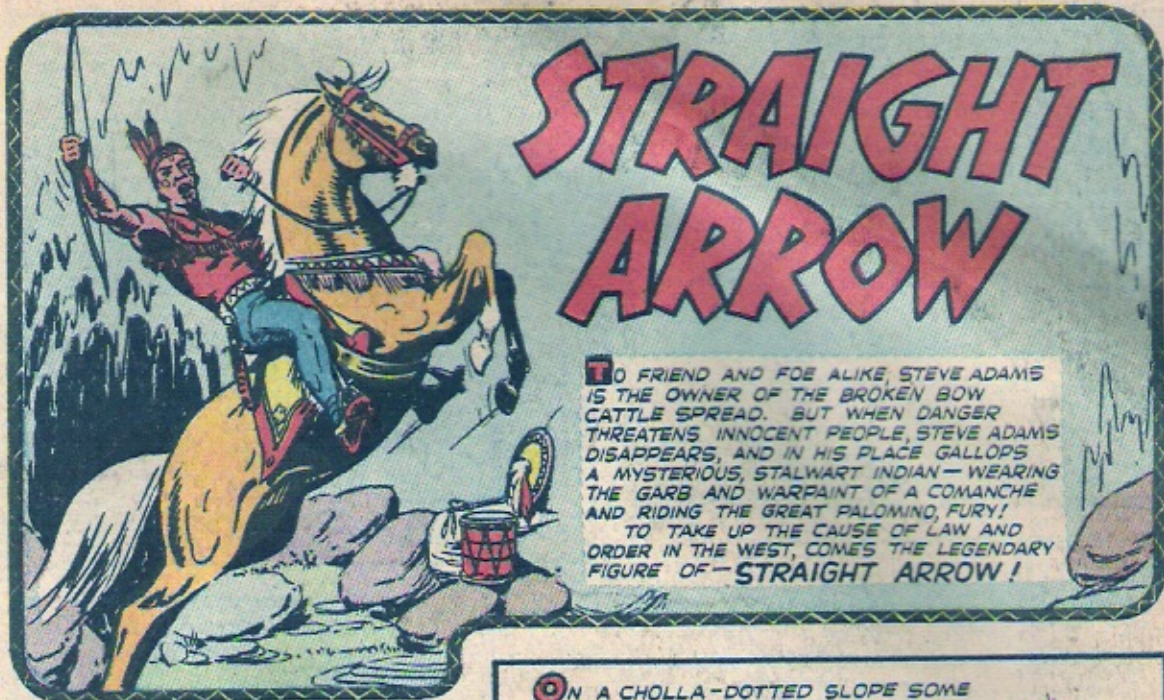
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☐ Check here if you want DELUXE MODEL instead, with built-in compass. Only \$1 more—total \$4.  
NOTE: Only ONE model sent to a family address. No combinations sold at present.

Not \$10 **3** Tax Paid!

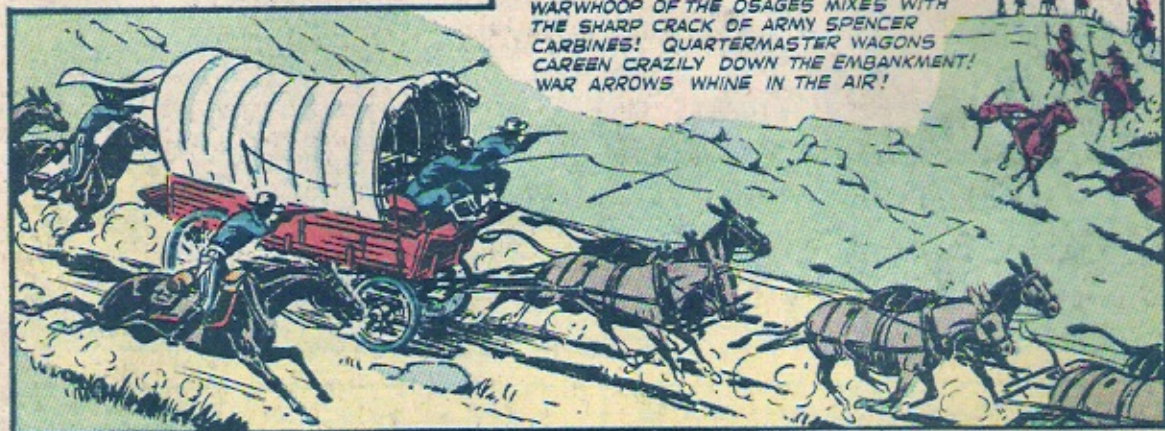
**WATERPROOF  
CASE GIVEN**





# STRAIGHT ARROW

TO FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE, STEVE ADAMS IS THE OWNER OF THE BROKEN BOW CATTLE SPREAD. BUT WHEN DANGER THREATENS INNOCENT PEOPLE, STEVE ADAMS DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE GALLOPS A MYSTERIOUS, STALWART INDIAN—WEARING THE GARB AND WARPAINT OF A COMANCHE AND RIDING THE GREAT PALOMINO, FURY! TO TAKE UP THE CAUSE OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST, COMES THE LEGENDARY FIGURE OF—**STRAIGHT ARROW!**



ON A CHOLLA-DOTTED SLOPE SOME MILES FROM FORT DESPAIR, THE WARWHOP OF THE OSAGES MIXES WITH THE SHARP CRACK OF ARMY SPENCER CARBINES! QUARTERMASTER WAGON'S CAREEN CRAZILY DOWN THE EMBANKMENT! WAR ARROWS WHINE IN THE AIR!



CAUGHT US BY SURPRISE! GOT US OUT-NUMBERED!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

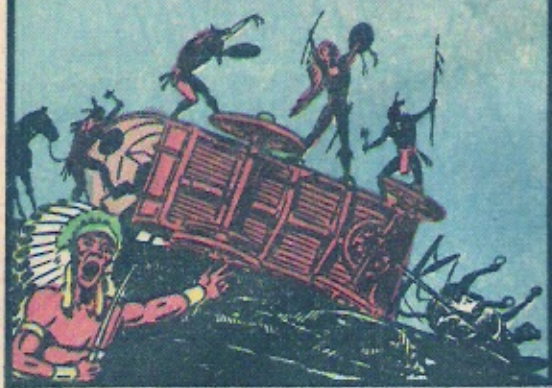


FROM THE CHAOS OF RIFLE CRACK AND THUDDING WAR ARROW, YOUNG LIEUTENANT HENDERSON'S VOICE IS RAISED IN CRACKLING HARSHNESS...

FALL BACK, MEN! WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THE WAGONS. IF WE MAKE A DASH FOR IT, WE CAN REACH THE FORT....!



AS THE FLEEING TROOPERS TURN, THEY SEE THE HOWLING OSAGES LOOTING THE SUPPLY WAGONS WITH YELPS OF DELIGHT.



DISHEVELLED, GRIMY AND BLOODY, THE DETAIL GALLOPS INTO FORT DESPAIR SOME HOURS LATER, JUST AS STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY EMERGE FROM THE COMMISSARY STORE HOUSE...



WE'LL HAVE THE BEEF FOR THE ARMY INSIDE TWO WEEKS, PACKY. I-HEY, LOOK THERE! THE SUPPLY TROOPS - WITHOUT THE WAGONS!

BY CACTUS, STEVE! YUH RECKON...?

I DON'T RECKON ANYTHING, PACKY - YET! BUT EXPERIENCED FRONTIER SOLDIERS LIKE LIEUTENANT HENDERSON DON'T ABANDON WAGONS UNLESS THERE'S A MIGHTY GOOD REASON FOR IT.

KENO, STEVE!

COLONEL DEEGAN IS FRESH FROM WEST POINT, MAYBE HE NEEDS A LITTLE ADVICE ABOUT INJUN TERRITORY.

INDIANS, LIEUTENANT?

NOT JUST INDIANS, SIR. OSAGES!

OSAGES? WHAT DIFFERENCE THE NAME YOU GIVE THEM? THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. SOUND TO HORSE! THERE'S A VILLAGE ON COTTONWOOD CREEK THAT WE'LL TEACH A LESSON!

BUT THOSE ARE KIOWAS, COLONEL!

SEE FOR YOURSELF, SIR! THIS IS AN OSAGE ARROW, NOT A KIOWA! THE KIOWAS ARE OBSERVING THE PEACE TREATY OF MEDICINE GAP. THEY —

ENOUGH, ENOUGH! INDIANS ARE INDIANS! I'LL TEACH 'EM A LESSON, BY THUNDER!



YOU'LL SET THE FRONTIER ON FIRE IF YOU PERSIST, SIR! IF YOU ATTACK THE KIOWAS WITHOUT REASON, THEIR GOOD FRIENDS, THE COMANCHES WILL RISE UP!





AS A MAN'S SHADOW DARKENS THE FLOOR,  
STEVE WHIRLS AND LEAPS—



LIKE A GIGANTIC CAT,  
STEVE HURTL'S OUT  
THE WINDOW! YELLOW  
DOG, THE INDIAN  
SCOUT, REELS BACK...



USING A  
CLEVER  
COMANCHE  
WRESTLING  
HOLD, STEVE  
ADAMS  
HURLS THE  
DISARMED  
KILLER  
FROM HIM...

RECKON  
YUH OUGHT  
TO BE IN THE  
GUARDHOUSE,  
HOMBRE!

YELLOW  
DOG  
ONLY  
CLEAN  
GUN.  
NOT  
SHOOT!

CLEANING  
YORE GUN?  
ALL YUH  
WERE DOIN'  
WAS POLISH-  
IN! THE  
HAMMER  
WITH YORE  
THUMB!

HE'S A SCOUT  
AND ASSIST-  
ANT TO THE  
QUARTER-  
MASTER,  
STEVE. I'LL  
HAVE HIM  
IN IRONS  
WITHIN  
THE HOUR!

THAT SCOUT  
WAS AIMING AT  
ME, PACKY!  
WHY? I NEVER  
SAW HIM BEFORE  
IN MY LIFE!

SHORE IS  
LOCO! AN'  
THAT COLONEL  
DEEGAN IS  
LOCO, TOO—  
IF HE REALLY  
IS FIGURIN' ON  
RIDIN' THEM  
KIOWAS!



PARDNER—YOU KEEP  
AN EYE ON DEEGAN!  
I'M RIDING TO  
SUNDOWN  
VALLEY!

KENO, STEVE!  
YUH FIGURE TO  
WARN THE KIOWAS,  
HUH? AS STEVE ADAMS,  
RANCHER, THEY  
WOULDN'T LISTEN  
TO YUH—BUT AS  
STRAIGHT ARROW—  
THEY WILL!



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, COLONEL DEEGAN ALREADY WAS  
LEADING HIS TROOPERS FROM FORT DESPAIR—ON THE  
TRAIL TO THE KIOWA VILLAGE. WOULD HE ARRIVE BEFORE  
STRAIGHT ARROW?

AT THE GALLOP—  
FORWARD!





A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BROKEN BOW RANCH HOUSE LIES SUNDOWN VALLEY. AND IN IT—THROUGH A SECRET ENTRANCE KNOWN ONLY TO STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY—a VAST, SUBTERRANEAN CAVE! THE WALLS OF THE CAVE GLITTER WITH CRYSTALS OF GOLD! FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE COMES LIGHT THAT SPREADS A SHIMMERING GLEAM EVERYWHERE. AND STANDING IN THE GLOWING LIGHT IS A GREAT, GOLDEN PALOMINO!



A COMANCHE BOW AND COMANCHE ARROWS HANG ON THE WALL! THERE IS COMANCHE WAR PAINT—COMANCHE GARB!

EASY BIG HORSE.



ON A MOMENT STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, IS GONE—AND IN HIS PLACE—

YES, FURY, IT IS I—STRAIGHT ARROW.



A CLATTER OF HOOVES IN THE VAST, VAULTED CAVE! AN INDIAN WAR WHOOP THAT RINGS FROM THE GLITTERING ROCKS! OUT INTO THE OPEN GALLOPS THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO, FURY! AND RIDING BAREBACK—CLAD IN INDIAN GARB FROM HEAD TO TOE—STRAIGHT ARROW!



INTO THE CAMP OF THE KIOWA RIDES STRAIGHT ARROW. BEFORE A TEPEE FRONTED BY SCALP POLE AND COUP STICK, HE DRAWS REIN.

I HAVE RIDDEN FAR, AND FAST, BURNT LEG. THE WHITE SOLDIERS EVEN NOW APPROACH YOUR VILLAGE. THEY ARE ANGRY BECAUSE INDIANS ATTACKED A QUARTERMASTER TRAIN!



NO KIOWA WARRIOR HAS LEFT THE SHADOW OF OUR TEPEES WITHIN THE PAST MOON, COMANCHE FRIEND!

THEN YOU MUST RIDE WITH ME TO FIND THE SOLDIERS. PERHAPS YOU CAN CONVINCE COLONEL DEEGAN! THEN AGAIN—PERHAPS YOU CANNOT! BUT WE MUST TRY!

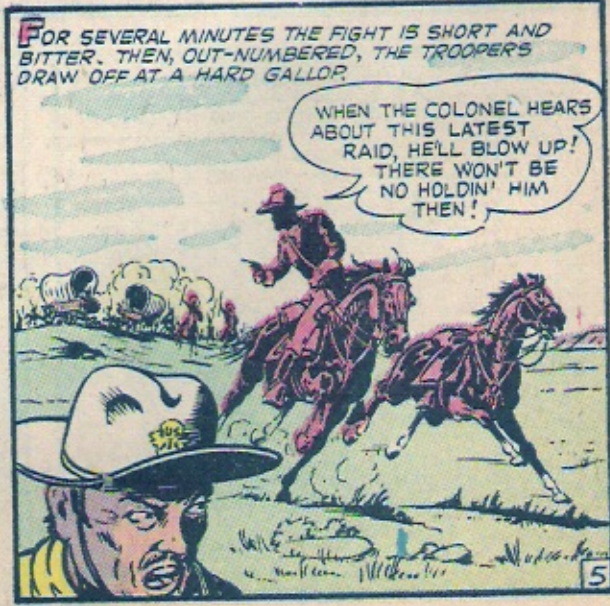


SOMEWHAT MORE THAN AN HOUR LATER, ON A FLAT STRETCH OF MESQUITE-DOTTED GROUND...

BY THUNDER, HERE ARE TWO OF THE RASCALLY INJUNS NOW! I'LL FETCH THEM OFF THEIR HORSES WITH ONLY TWO BULLETS!













SUMMON BURNT LEG! TELL HIM  
STRAIGHT ARROW HAS TRUE WORDS  
TO SPEAK! SUMMON BURNT LEG!



COLONEL DEEGAN RIDES FOR THE VILLAGE!  
WE MUST PROVE THE INNOCENCE OF THE KIWAS  
BY DELIVERING THE OSAGES TO HIM!



YOU SPEAK GOOD  
WORDS, MY COMANCHE  
BROTHER!

THE WOMEN  
AND CHILDREN  
WILL BE SAFE.  
COLONEL DEEGAN  
WILL NOT HARM  
THEM! HE SEEKS  
ONLY KIOWA  
WARRIORS.

AND THE  
KIOWA  
WARRIORS  
RIDE THE  
WAR TRAIL  
WITH  
STRAIGHT  
ARROW!



SOME HOURS LATER,  
AS THE MORNING  
SUN RISES HIGH  
OVER THE PLAINS...

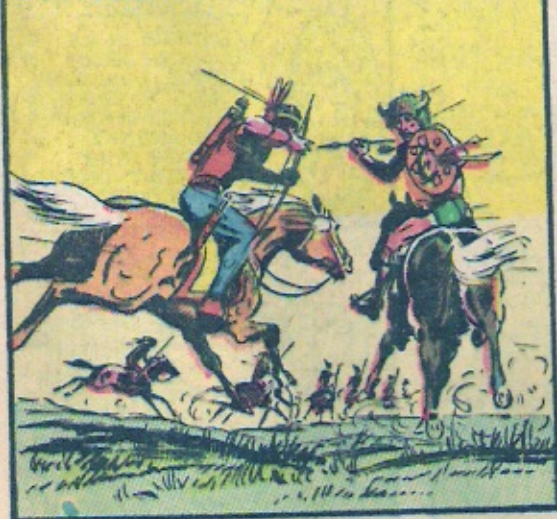
OSAGE WAR TROPHY  
BASKETS! AND A WARM CAMP  
FIRE! THE OSAGE RENEGADES  
ARE NOT FAR AHEAD, MY  
RED BROTHERS.



TURN, OSAGE RENEGADES!  
WE HAVE FOUND YOU!

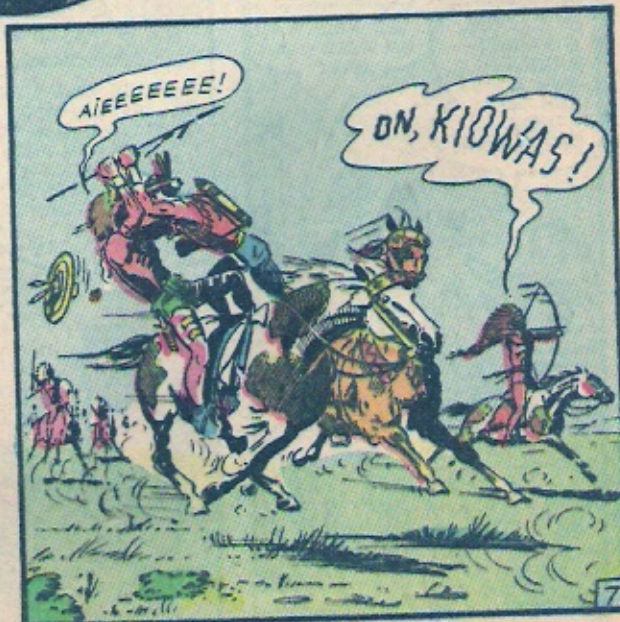


SWIFTLY THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO OVER-  
HAULS THE INDIAN PONIES! SUNLIGHT GLINTS  
ON AN OSAGE WAR LANCE!



AIEEEEEEE!

ON, KIWAS!







FIGHT HARD, KIWAS! YOU FIGHT FOR PEACE AND FOR YOUR FAMILIES!



**H**IS GREAT GOLDEN BOW HUMMING AS ARROW AFTER ARROW IS SHOT FROM ITS TAUT STRING, STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES LIKE A MAGIC BEING THROUGH THE SAVAGE FRAY!



YIELD, CHIEF OF THE BASKET PEOPLE! YIELD, OR—

I YIELD, STRAIGHT ARROW! I YIELD!



TALK, OSAGE CHIEF! PYEEAH! INDIANS DO NOT USUALLY ATTACK QUARTERMASTER WAGONS. AND THEY NEVER TAKE THE PAYMASTER BAGS CONTAINING THE SOLDIERS' PAY!

IT WAS YELLOW DOG'S IDEA! HE KNEW WE WERE RENEGADES FROM THE OSAGE TRIBE. HE TOLD US WHEN THE QUARTERMASTER WAGONS WOULD COME. HE WANTED THE MONEY. WE WERE TO KEEP ALL ELSE!



**S**OME HOURS LATER, PACKY WHOOPS WITH DELIGHT...

BY CACTUS, STRAIGHT ARROW! YUH DID IT! YUH GOT THEM BAD INTJNS!

YES, PACKY. ALL OF THEM—BUT ONE!



**A**S STRAIGHT ARROW REINS IN AND EXPLAINS, A SLOW FLUSH COVERS COLONEL DEEGAN'S FACE. THEN, AS THE COMANCHE IS SILENT, HE SPEAKS...

—AND SO YOUR SCOUT, YELLOW DOG—WHO SHOT AT STEVE ADAMS TO PREVENT HIM FROM ACCUSING YELLOW DOG'S OSAGE FRIENDS OF THE ATTACK—IS GUILTY OF THESE ATTACKS ALSO!

STRAIGHT ARROW—FORGIVE MY STUPIDITY! YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME A LESSON!



**F**OR YEARS AFTER THAT, IN COLONEL DEEGAN'S OFFICE, THERE HUNG A BUFFALO WAR SHIELD WITH TWO GOLDEN ARROWS PAINTED THERE—ON...

STRAIGHT ARROW TAUGHT ME HUMILITY WHEN MY PRIDE INSISTED THAT I CONTINUE IN MY BLUNDER ABOUT THE KIWAS. NOW, WHEN I HAVE TO DECIDE A QUESTION INVOLVING INDIANS—I DECIDE IT AS STRAIGHT ARROW WOULD!



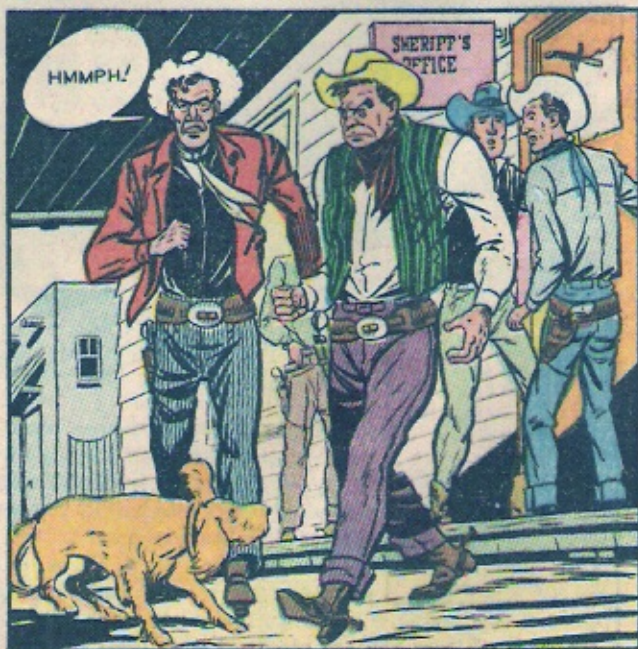
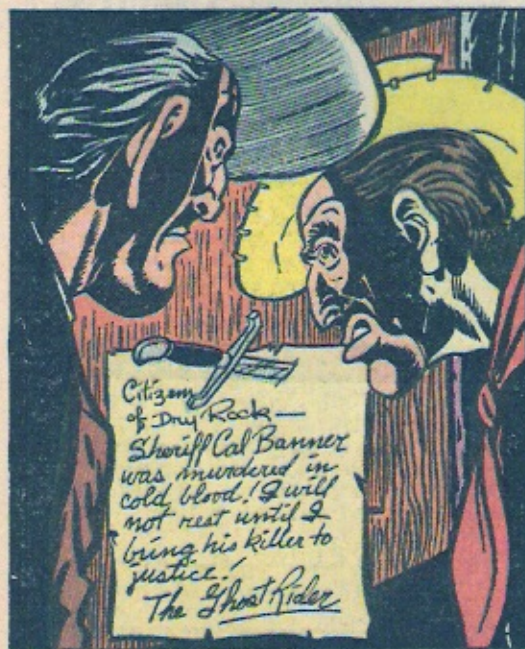
# the GHOST RIDER

DICK  
AYERS

THE  
DEAD ONES  
RISE TO  
CONDEMN  
YOUR CRIME,  
MURDERER!

THE GHOST RIDER, SPECTRAL NEMESIS OF JUSTICE, BRINGS ANOTHER CRIMINAL TO THE END OF A KILLER'S CAREER. STRIKING NERVE-CURDLING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HIS ENEMIES, THE GHOST RIDER TAKES HIS SKILLFUL KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINDS OF MEN—AND ADDS IT TO THE WHIP OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE IN "*SCOURGE OF GUILT!*"

GHOSTS!  
GHOSTS!  
GHOSTS!















BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, THEY'LL ALL HAVE GOOD REASON TO FEAR THE GHOST RIDER!

OH MY, OH ME— WARM—HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN TONIGHT, YOU BETCHA!



THAT NIGHT— AT THE LOST GAP HOTEL ...

GIT YORE WARBAG PACKED, SPIKE. WE'RE DUE OUT TUH CALVERT'S RANCH TONIGHT TUH BEGIN THIS HERE PER-TECTION JOB!

RIGHT, / SAY D YUH FIGGER THIS GHOST RIDER TO BE A' REAL LIVE SPOOK?



NOW WHUT KIND O' TALK IS THET? THAR AIN'T NO SECH THING AS SPOOKS, / YUH TURNIN' SOFT ON ME?

AW, I WLIZ JIST FUNNIN', PARDNER! IT'LL TAKE A HEAP SIGHT MORE'N A OLD SPOOK TUH SKEER ME!



BUT, SUDDENLY!

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?



THE GHOST RIDER!

IT IS I— HE WHO RIDES IN DARKNESS, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT, AND THE GLOOM OF THE GRAVE!



DIDYA GIT 'IM?

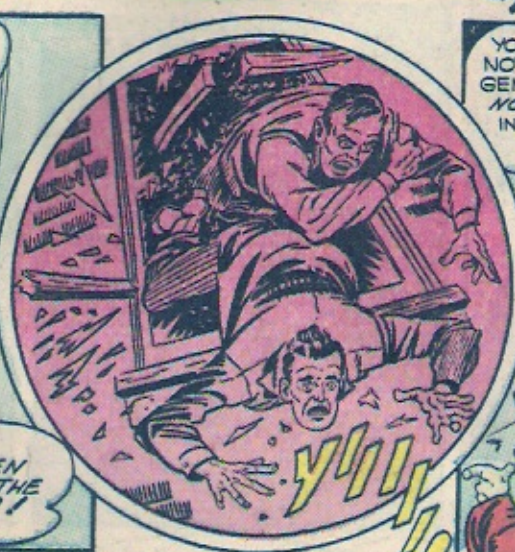
YUH KIDDIN'? AFORE I EVEN STARTED SHOOTIN', HE JIST SORTA— GULP— DISAPPEARED!

THE BLACK SIDE OF MY CAPE CERTAINLY COMES IN HANDY FOR THE OLD VANISHING ACT, / BUT, NOW TO WORK ...



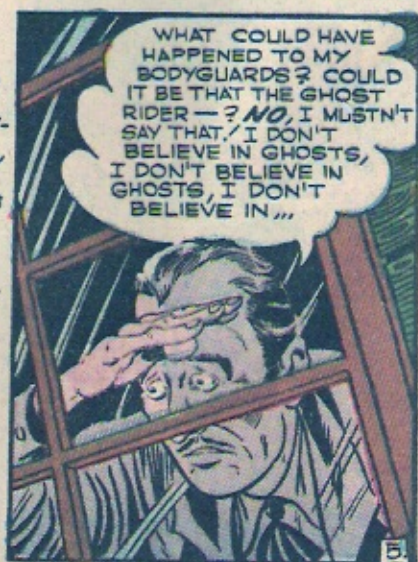
THOUGH I BE INVISIBLE, STUPID ONES— THOUGH I BE OF MIST AND SPIRIT— STILL YOU MAY FEEL MY FISTS!





THE GHOST RIDER KNOWS THE MINDS OF MEN - FOR FEAR CLOSES ITS ICY FIST AROUND JEB CALVERT'S HEART...

AT CALVERT'S RANCHHOUSE









GRAZED WITH FEAR AND GUILT, CALVERT TWISTS AND TURNS IN HIS MAD FLIGHT — BUT IT SEEMS THE GHOST RIDER IS EVERYWHERE.

NO LONGER ABLE TO REASON SANELY, HE CLIMBS A SILO.



I'LL BE SAFE UP HERE! ONLY WAY UP IS THIS LADDER AND I CAN DEFEND THAT!

NOW, THAT'S A CRAZY THING FOR HIM TO DO — THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BEAT HIM TO THE TOP OF THAT SILO.



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOP MY LARIAT OVER THAT WINCH ARM UP THERE — AND LET MY HORSE, SPECTRE, PULL ONE END ...



... AND I GET LIFTED UP LIKE A BALE OF HAY. MY LARIAT, BEING SPECIALLY DYED BLACK, IS *INVISIBLE* — CALVERT WILL THINK I'M FLYING!



HIGH OR LOW, STILL I COME, JEB CALVERT! CONFESS! GIVE UP!

THIS FIEND FLIES! HE IS A GHOST! THERE'S NO USE GOING ON — NO USE LIVING! I'LL JUMP!



NO, JEB CALVERT! WE WILL GO DOWN TOGETHER!



AND WE'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AND TO JUSTICE TOGETHER!



HERE HE IS, CITIZENS — THE MURDERER OF SHERIFF BANNER! THE GHOST RIDER NEVER FAILS!

YES, I DID IT! I DID IT! JAIL ME, KILL ME. — ANYTHING! JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THIS FIEND!





# The DURANGO KID

I WON'T WAIT FOR WARING TO PLAY HIS NEXT HAND — I'LL JUST GO OUT AND GET HIM BEFORE HE'S GOT A CHANCE TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK.

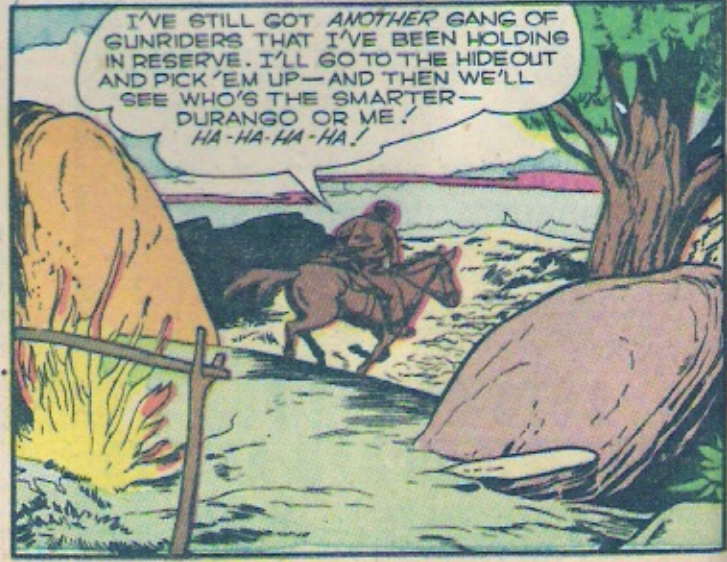
A MAN WITH A HEART AS BLACK AS THE BLACKEST PIT ROAMS THE PRAIRIE AT LARGE TO DO HIS EVIL WORK. BUT — ON HIS TRAIL IS A VENGEANT NEMESIS! HUNTING, STALKING, ALERT TO SOUNDS AND SIGNS THAT ORDINARY MEN WOULD NEVER NOTICE, **THE DURANGO KID** — THE GREATEST HUNTER OF ALL — TRAILS THE SCOUNDREL IN... **MANHUNT!**

DURANGO FELT THAT HE HADN'T HEARD THE LAST OF WARING — AND HE WAS RIGHT. SOMEWHERE ON THE PRAIRIE, HUDDLED OVER A FIRE THAT FAILED TO WARM HIS COLD HEART, WARING NURSED HIS EVIL BITTERNESS...

THE DURANGO KID... THE DURANGO KID — AH, HOW I HATE THAT NAME / RIT IF HE THINKS HE'S THROUGH WITH ME, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!



I'VE STILL GOT ANOTHER GANG OF GUNRIDERS THAT I'VE BEEN HOLDING IN RESERVE. I'LL GO TO THE HIDEOUT AND PICK 'EM UP — AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE SMARTER — DURANGO OR ME! HA-HA-HA-HA!





BUT THE SAME LIGHT OF DAWN FINDS ANOTHER FIGURE MOVING STEALTHILY ACROSS THE SHIFTING PRAIRIE SHADOWS ... **THE DURANGO KID!**

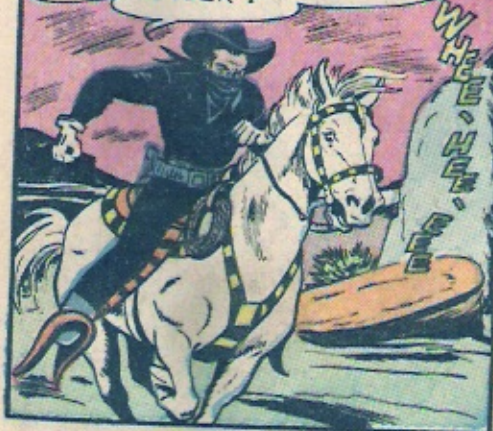
THESE HOOFPRIENTS SURE ARE JUMBLED UP! BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND THE SPOT WHERE WARING DESERTED HIS MEN YESTERDAY! HMMMM - I THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!



RIGHT! HERE'S WHERE HE PEELED OFF! UP, RAIDER!



THE NIGHT MISTS AND WIND HAVE ALMOST ERASED THESE TRACKS - BUT WE'RE OLD HANDS AT THIS KIND OF THING, AREN'T WE, RAIDER?



... AND THE **MANHUNT IS ON!** THIS IS THE STORY OF THE SPOOR, THE HUNT - WITH ITS OWN PRIMITIVE LAWS, AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF / SMELL, SIGHT, HEARING, INSTINCT - AND ROUGH JUSTICE QUICK AS A PANTHER'S POLINCE - THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT MATTER IN THAT MOST THRILLING OF ALL DRAMAS, THE **MANHUNT!**

WARING ARRIVES AT THE HIDEOUT.

COME ON, YOU LAZY JUG-HEADS - GET UP! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!

WHUT'S UP, BOSS?



WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT RAILROAD SO RISKY THAT THE GOVERNMENT WILL REVOKE UNION PACIFIC'S LICENSE - AND THEN THE WARING RAILROAD COMPANY CAN STEP IN!



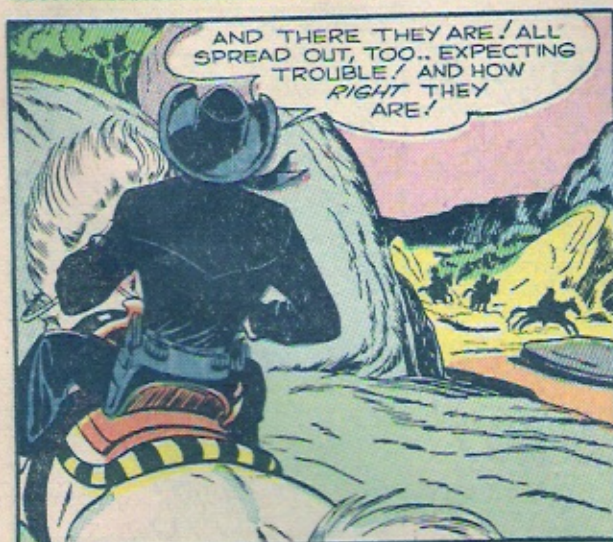
WE RIDE OUT TO BIG DITCH CHASM AND THERE WE WEAKEN THE SUPPORTS OF THE BRIDGE SO THAT IT'LL COLLAPSE WHEN THE FIRST TRAIN PASSES OVER!



AND THE NEXT TRAIN TO PASS OVER WILL BE THAT TRAIN WITH ALL THE BIGWIGS RETURNING FROM YESTERDAY'S CEREMONY! HA-HA-HA!









AND, AS THE LAST MAN PASSES...



SURPRISE!



HEADACHE?  
TOO BAD!



TAKE IT EASY, RAIDER —  
JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE  
THIS RANNEY DOESN'T  
GET AWAY.



AND NOW  
FOR THE  
NEXT ONE!



STOP CROWDIN', MURPH! YOU HEARD  
THE BOSS SAY TO SPREAD OUT!  
WE GOTTA KEEP A WIDE  
LOOKOUT FER DURANGO!



DOGGONE IT — I SAID TO  
STOP CROWDIN'! I TOLD YUH—  
UH—OH—OH—OH!









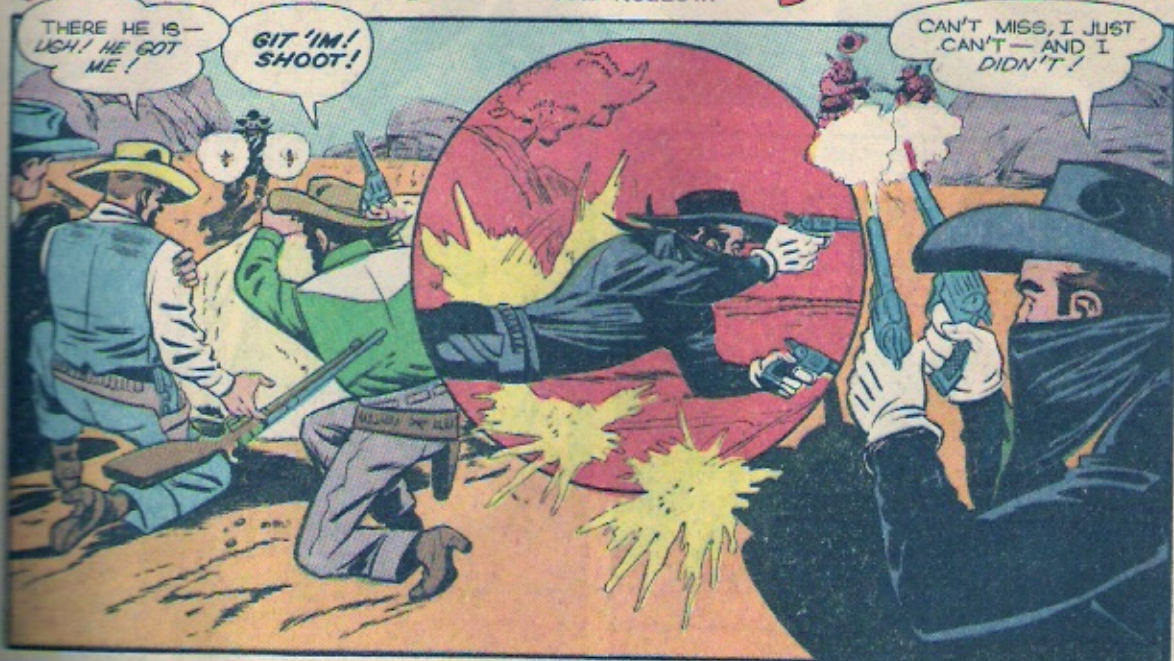


# THREE SECONDS TO CHOOSE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

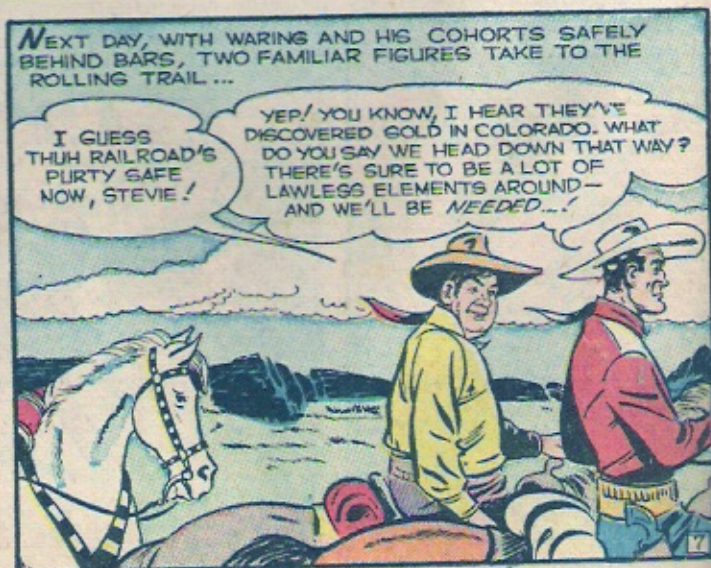
**SECOND 1...** DURANGO STEPS BOLDLY INTO THE ROAD— SHOOTING!

**SECOND 2...** QUICKLY, DURANGO HITS THE DIRT AND ROLLS...

**SECOND 3...** SHOOTING!

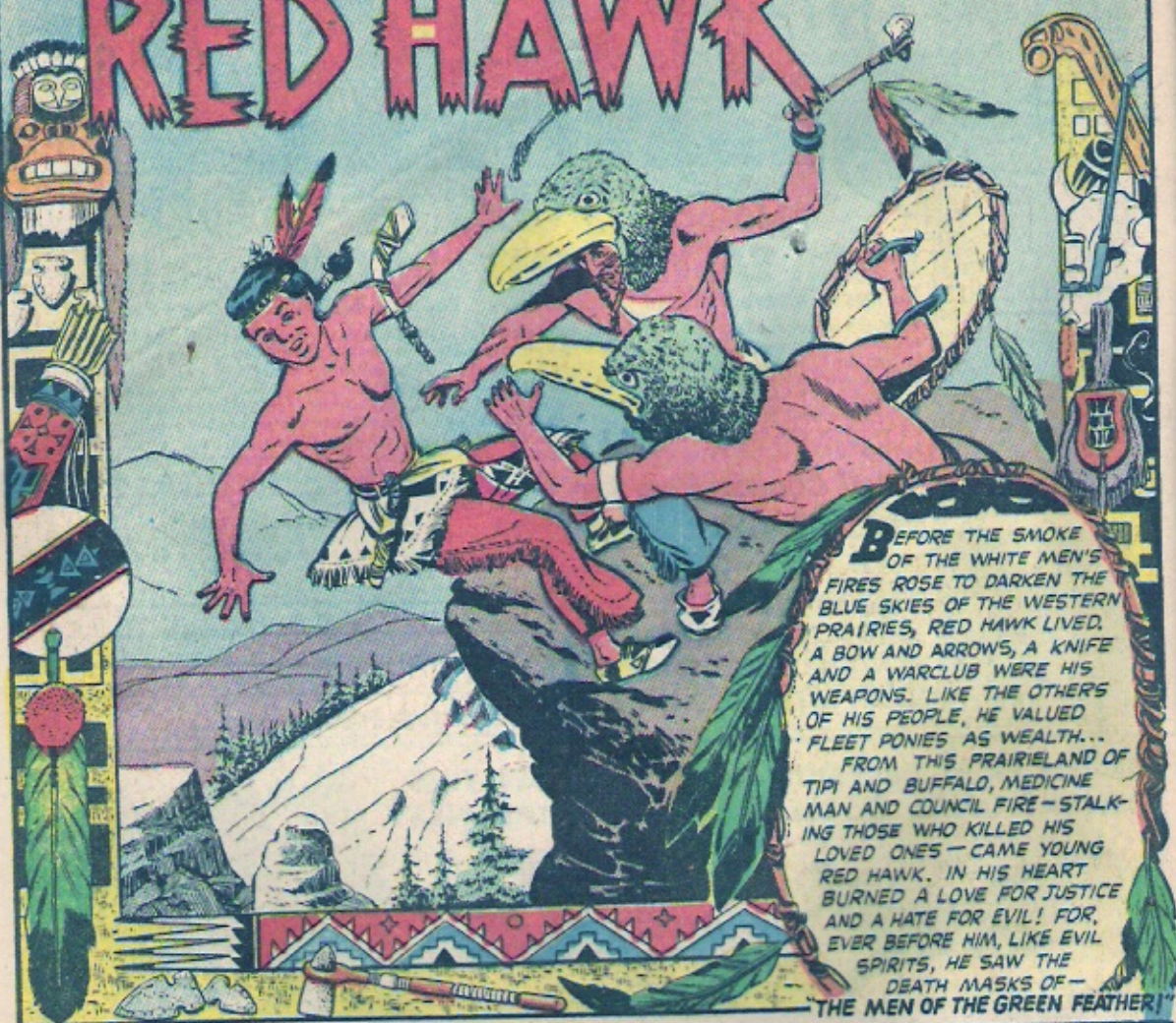








# RED HAWK



**B**EFORE THE SMOKE OF THE WHITE MEN'S FIRES ROSE TO DARKEN THE BLUE SKIES OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES, RED HAWK LIVED. A BOW AND ARROWS, A KNIFE AND A WARCLUB WERE HIS WEAPONS. LIKE THE OTHERS OF HIS PEOPLE, HE VALUED FLEET PONIES AS WEALTH... FROM THIS PRAIRIELAND OF TIPI AND BUFFALO, MEDICINE MAN AND COUNCIL FIRE—STALKING THOSE WHO KILLED HIS LOVED ONES—CAME YOUNG RED HAWK. IN HIS HEART BURNED A LOVE FOR JUSTICE AND A HATE FOR EVIL! FOR, EVER BEFORE HIM, LIKE EVIL SPIRITS, HE SAW THE DEATH MASKS OF—  
**“THE MEN OF THE GREEN FEATHER!”**

**R**ED HAWK STOOD ALONE ON A SANDSTONE LEDGE THE MORNING THAT HIS FATHER WAS KILLED. HE HEARD THE BOWSTRING TWANG... HE HEARD HIS FATHER'S DEATH CRY...

**FATHER! FATHER!**

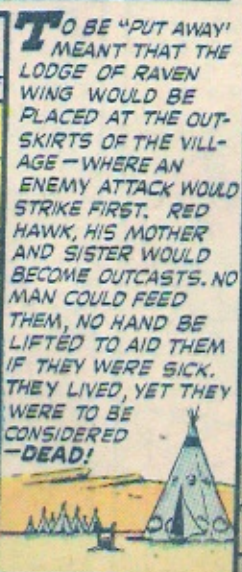


**C**RAZILY, HE THREW HIMSELF DOWNWARD! ONLY HIS STRONG HANDS CLINGING TO SHRUB ROOTS AND STUMPS, SAVED HIS LIFE...! AND EVER HE HURTLER DOWNWARD, LIKE A STONE FALLING...

**MY FATHER IS A CHIEF. HE IS POWERFUL! MANY HATE HIM, FOR HE HATES THOSE WHO MAKE THE CHEYENNE WEAK! I ONLY HOPE HE STILL LIVES!**









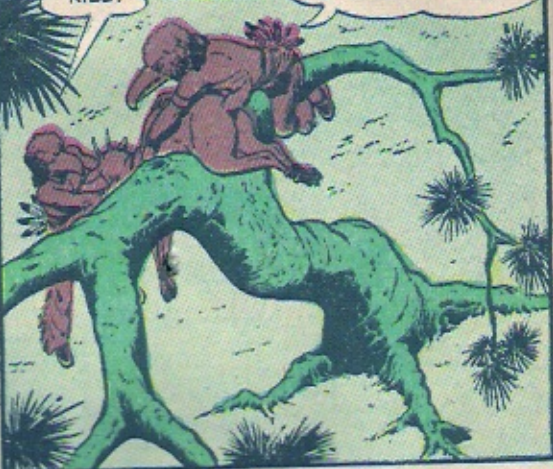
**A**LWAYS AT HIS BACK WERE THE WHISPERED WORDS OF MORDO. EVEN AS HE TROD THE TIMBER BELT FOR ANTELOPE, THE WORDS FOLLOWED...

FOLLOW HIM! IF HE KILLS FOR FOOD TAKE HIS KILL FROM HIM! LET HIM ONLY DRINK WATER AND EAT BREAD BAKED IN ASHES!



OUR FAMILIES WILL EAT WELL ON RED HAWK'S KILL!

AI! THE HAWK AND HIS FAMILY WILL SOON STARVE AND DIE!



**H**IS BOWS WERE BROKEN AND HIS ARROWS SHATTERED...

NOW, THIS IS A STRANGE THING. MEN DO NOT ACT THIS WAY TOWARD ONE ANOTHER EXCEPT FOR FEAR!



WHY SHOULD MORDO FEAR ME? IS IT BECAUSE OF THE GREEN FEATHER? MAYBE I WOULD DO WELL TO FOLLOW MORDO ON THOSE JOURNEYS HE MAKES AWAY FROM THE TIPIS OF OUR PEOPLE!



**A**ND SO, ONE DAY...

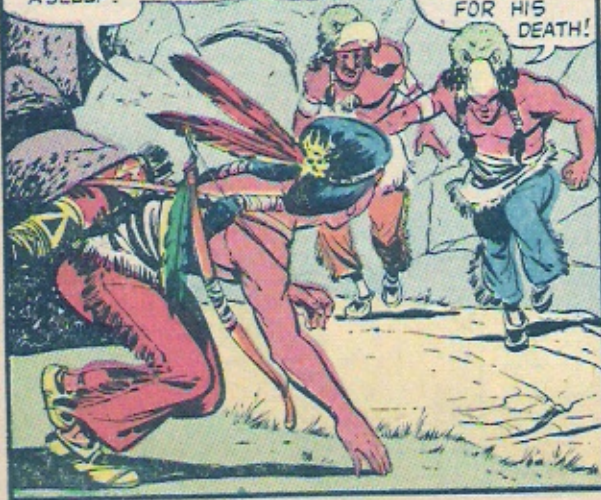
MORDO MEETS WITH MEN WHO LOOK LIKE BIRDS! I CAN JUST MAKE OUT THEIR WORDS... AND THEY TALK OF THE DEATH OF WHITE BULL!



I WAS SO INTERESTED I LET MY EARS FALL ASLEEP!

IT IS YOUNG RED HAWK!

MORDO HAS PROMISED TWO FLEET PONIES FOR HIS DEATH!



**P**OWERFUL HANDS CAUGHT RED HAWK! LIFTED HIM AND THREW HIM BACKWARDS!

CAN'T STOP MYSELF! GOING TO GO OVER THE EDGE—FALL A THOUSAND FEET—TO ROCKS!





**B**ACK FELL RED HAWK UNTIL HIS BODY WAS ABOVE THE EMPTINESS OF THE CANYON! BE-NEATH HIM THERE WAS ONLY DEATH!

GOT TO... STOP HIM!



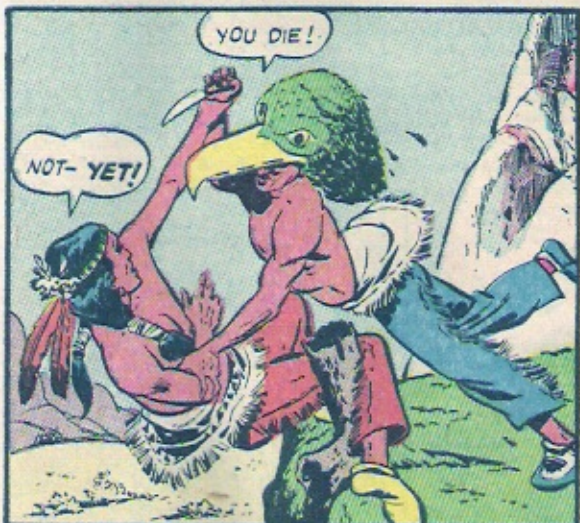
**A**ND THEN HIS KNEES HOOKED ON TWO STUMPS—CLUNG WITH STEEL-THEWED MUSCLES! OVER HIS HEAD ONE WARRIOR PLUNGED—

GHYAAA!



YOU DIE!

NOT— YET!



DIE YOURSELF, EAGLE MAN!

AIEEEE!



**I**N THE COLD GREY LIGHT OF DAWN, A FURIOUS WHITE BULL RAGES AT MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN...

**T**HAT NIGHT, NEAR THE HORSE HERD OF CHIEF WHITE BULL...

Hii-AAAA! RUN, BROTHERS OF THE WIND! RUN!



WHEN WHITE BULL LEARNS HIS PONIES HAVE BEEN STOLEN...AND SEES THE GREEN EAGLE FEATHER—HE WILL GUESS THAT THE FEATHER IS A SIGN OF THE GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY!



DID YOU DREAM OF **THIS** GREEN FEATHER, TOO, MORDO? MY PONIES WERE STOLEN! THE FEATHER WAS LEFT BEHIND! IT IS A RASH MAN WHO THUS AROUSES MY ANGER!





**T**WO NIGHTS LATER, AS WHITE BULL RIDES ALONE THROUGH THE FILES OF ANTELOPE PASS...

AI! THERE IS A GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY! AND THEY SEEK—MY DEATH!



WHITE BULL SAW ME! BUT HE KNEW ME ONLY AS A MAN WITH AN EAGLE MASK! NOW HE WILL WORRY—AND HE WILL LISTEN TO RED HAWK!



**N**EXT DAY, ON THE TRAIL...

WHAT DOES RED HAWK WANT OF HIS CHIEF? YOU HAVE BEEN PUT AWAY?

YET I STILL LIVE, WHITE BULL! BUT YOU WILL NOT BE ALIVE, MANY MOONS FROM NOW!



YOU DARE! I...

THE GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY KILLED MY FATHER, WHITE BULL. THEY FEARED HIM, FOR HE WAS A GREAT WAR CHIEF. NOW THEY SEEK TO KILL YOU TOO. THEN MORDO WILL BECOME CHIEF!



**T**HAT NIGHT, AS A CHILL WIND MOVED DOWN THROUGH THE PINONS OF THE TETONS...

IF YOU LIE, RED HAWK—!

I DO NOT LIE! LOOK BELOW—AT THAT FIRE—AT THE MEN AROUND IT...!



THE CHIEF, WHITE BULL, SUSPECTS! SOMEONE RAN OFF HIS PONIES, AND LEFT A GREEN FEATHER—THE EMBLEM OF OUR SOCIETY! ONE OF US IN AN EAGLE MASK SHOT AT HIM. WHO DID IT?

NOT I! NOR I!



WHITE BULL MUST DIE! BEFORE TOMORROW'S SUN LOWERS OVER THE HORIZON... OUR CLUBS SHALL BATTER HIM TO DEATH! AND THEN—MORDO SHALL BE CHIEF OF THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE!





**A**LL NIGHT LONG, RED HAWK RODE WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND. AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, HE ENTERED THE VILLAGE OF THE CHEYENNES, WITH A FILE OF WAR-PAINTED ARAPAHOS BEHIND HIM...

WHY DO YOU COME WITH OUR FRIENDS, THE ARAPAHOS, RED HAWK? AND WHY ARE THEIR FACES PAINTED FOR WAR?

BECAUSE THERE ARE EVIL CHEYENNES WHO PLOT AGAINST YOU, WHITE BULL—AND MORDO IS THEIR LEADER!



WITH A HOARSE CRY OF WAR-PAINTED RAGE, MORDO RAISED HIS SCALPING KNIFE—

ATTACK, BROTHER ARAPAHOS! SEIZE THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE!

YOU—!!



YOUR EVIL IS ENDED, MORDO! WHITE BULL KNOWS THE TRUTH!

I SHOULD HAVE GONE MYSELF... TO KILL YOU, HAWK!



**R**ED HAWK RISES FROM THE LIFELESS BODY OF MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN, AS ARAPAHO WARCLUBS AND LANCES HERD THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE BEFORE THEIR CHIEF...

HE FELL—ON HIS OWN KNIFE!

HEAR ME, MEN OF THE CHEYENNE NATION! THERE ARE TRAITORS WHO DWELL IN THE TIPIS OF OUR PEOPLE!



RED HAWK OPENED MY EYES. HE LED ME TO THE COUNCIL FIRE OF THOSE WHO PLOTTED AGAINST ME! EVEN NOW OUR FRIENDS, THE ARAPAHOS, GO AMONG THE TIPIS—HUNTING FOR THE GREEN FEATHER AND THE EAGLE MASKS! ALL WHO HAVE THEM HIDDEN IN THEIR LODGES—DIE!



**F**IFTEEN MEN WERE TAKEN BY THE ARAPAHOS TO MEET THEIR FATE THAT AFTERNOON. AND WHEN THEY RODE OUT, ANOTHER RODE IN...

COME, MOTHER. NO LONGER ARE WE TO BE PUT AWAY. INSTEAD...



INSTEAD, LET RED HAWK SHARE THE PLACE OF HONOR, WITH HIS TIP! BESIDE THAT OF WHITE BULL! NO LONGER SHALL RED HAWK BE OUTCAST—INSTEAD I NAME HIM—WAR CHIEF OF THE TRIBE!



**F**OLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG RED HAWK AS HE RIDES THE TRAILS OF THE EARLY WEST IN...

**STRAIGHT  
ARROW**